

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IV.—No. 174.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.

Rule I. That no member shall be qualified to play who does not possess at least **ONE COMPLETE LIMB.**

Also that no member of the J. C. C. shall possess more than 3 such complete limbs.

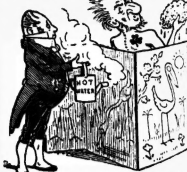
Rule III. That no member shall abuse the advantage of possessing a wooden leg by striking the ball with the same. He should remember that he is playing Cricket, not Football.

But that artificial locomotion, when unavoidable, shall be allowed.

Rule VI. In the case of a totally blind cricketer, he shall be apprised of the touch of the ball by a pish-shot.

It which occurred through a misapprehension of the law, the following ruling is absolutely final, and to that official be used.

Our athletes returned from the field little better than fragments.



Good. What do you mean, thankgood, bringing her into this weather? Alas! When I said, 'my dear,' 'this is from her.'



Paty. Only fifty shillings, will you give away the...



DOING BLONDIN AT HERNE BAY.

"I have often heard Papa say that if he had time to perfect the Performance, he could beat Blondin any day. Having a few spare moments the other morning at Herne Bay, he made his debut. The result was not quite so successful as Poor Pa anticipated. Mamma writes to say that 'if there is any more of this Blondin business, she shall apply for a judicial separation.'—Tooriss.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS BY THE SEA.

A Day at Bournemouth.



1. Madge, Flo, and Nellie, who are down at Bournemouth for a day, determine to have a bath. Madge has a cork leg, but enjoys herself all the while. The other girls, however, come to the rescue.



2. They enter the water. Madge attempts to dive. Unfortunately, that cork leg of hers won't permit her. The other girls, however, come to the rescue.

THE RATCLIFF HIGHWAY MURDERS.

In December, 1811, all London was convulsed with terror at the tidings of the horrible slaughter wreaked at 29 Ratcliff Highway and 81 New Gravel Lane, and soon, from the Prince Regent's table at Carlton House to the taproom of the lowest dram-shop in Wapping, the hideous subject engrossed all.

In excavating a trench in July last year in St. George-in-the-East, for the purpose of laying a main for the Commercial Gas Company, the workmen, at a depth of six feet from the surface, found the skeleton of a man with a stake driven through it. These remains were undoubtedly those of John Williams, in life greeted with a universal yell of loathing and execration.

Shortly before twelve o'clock on Saturday night, December 8, 1811, the servant-girl of a Mr. Marr, silk mercer, living at 29 Ratcliff Highway, was sent out to buy some oysters for supper. On her return, in about twenty minutes, she was unable to obtain admission, the shutters being closed, the door fastened, and the lights put out. With the aid of a Mr. Murphy, a near neighbour, an entrance was obtained through the back door, which was open, and the inmates of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Marr, a baby in arms, and an apprentice boy, aged fourteen, were found to have been brutally murdered, their skulls being smashed in.

Nothing had apparently been taken from the house, and cash to the amount of £150 was found in a tin box and on

the person of Mr. Marr. The murderer or murderers, however, left behind a heavy shipwright's maul or mallet, the head weighing two or three pounds and the handle being three feet long, and a wooden mallet about four inches square, with a handle of eighteen inches long. The perpetrators of the crime appear to have fled, when the girl knocked at the street-door, from the back on to a piece of waste ground.

Ten days later, between eleven and twelve at night, a cry of "Murder!" aroused the neighbourhood of New Gravel Lane, and a man, quite naked, was seen descending from a second-floor window of the "King's Arms" public house, by the aid of some sheets knotted together. He lodged in the house, and, after having gone upstairs to bed, he heard a cry of "We shall all be murdered!" which induced him to go cautiously down again, and, looking through the glass window of the tap-room, he saw a strong man, six feet high, dressed in a drab, shaggy bearskin coat, stooping over the body of Mrs. Williamson the landlady, apparently rifling her pockets. He then returned to his bedroom, and let himself down from the window.

The front door having been broken open, it was discovered that Mr. Williamson had been murdered in the cellar, and the servant-girl was lying dead by the side of her mistress, the vacant piece of ground before mentioned having evidently been used by the murderers to escape.

Strong evidence induced the authorities to apprehend an Irish sailor, named John Williams, who lodged at a public house called "The Pear Tree," where had been left, by another lodger, a tool chest, out of which the maul used in the first murder had been taken. Williams' shirt was also found to be bloody and torn, and his stockings covered with mud. His pocket was blood-smeared, and a blood-stained knife found hidden in a mouse-hole in a closet adjoining his bedroom.

Since the murders, he had been overheard, by another lodger who shared his room, groaning and raving in his sleep, and his conduct was very strange. It was thought at first that he had accomplices; but no evidence could be produced against the persons taken into custody, and before his examination at the police court was concluded, he hanged himself by his neckerchief in Coldbath Fields Prison, the jury bringing in a verdict of *felo de se*.

A barbarous scene followed four days later. The body, dressed in a white shirt, blue trousers, and brown stockings, was exposed on a rough deal platform, erected upon a high cart drawn by one horse. The face was ruddy, but the arms and hands deep purple—nearly black. The feet were towards the horse, and on the right leg was attached the iron he wore in prison. The fatal maul was placed on the left side of his head, and a ripping chisel on the right, and a pointed stake under his head. A procession of about three hundred constables with drawn cutlasses surrounded the cart, which proceeded through the public streets at a slow pace, until they arrived opposite Marr's house, where they stayed a quarter of an hour. By the shaking of the cart, the corpse's head had got turned on one side, and looked away from the scene of the crime, observing which some one placed the face in what was thought to be the proper position.

After standing another quarter of an hour in front of the house where the other three murders were committed, the procession proceeded to the spot where a hole had been dug, and the body was thrown into the infamous grave, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators. The stake, which the law required to be driven through the corpse, was with the maul driven through it. The grave was then filled with quicklime and covered up.

"The merry artists attached to the Tottering Edifice's melancholy pen'north," said Alexandry, thoughtfully, "have pretty nearly done their level best to cause his outward aspect to become a jabbering jibe and scoffing sneer, and the niggers at the races and the Guy Fawkes boys have added their humble efforts. It only, therefore, wants a verdict of *felo de se*, and a public exhibition of his remains, to drag his wretched relatives to the mire."

"What a sweet corpse he would make, though," murmured Blood-stained Bill.

(Next week another good one.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

EDWARD EXTON (Bridport Street, N.W.).—Very good; perfectly correct; the party alluded to is the biggest blockhead in England, and so say all of us.—JAMES W. SEWELL (Mare Street, Hackney).—Very sorry your enclosure is of no use.—REGINALD W. T. FLOYD (Tonbridge).—Bravo! ALLY regrets space will not permit your letter to be inserted in the "Editor's Letter-Box."—J. H. WRIGHT (Parliament Row, Hanley).—Sorry we cannot oblige you.—INQUISITION (London).—Come up to the "Sloperies," and we will soon demolish your hideous insinuations, you disbeliever's dog.—A. NICHOLLS (Devonshire Place, Cardiff).—No room, thanks.—E. L. LAND (Duke Street, Adelphi).—Thanks for your letter.

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday." To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

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Each Line to begin with one of the Letters in the order of those printed hereunder:—

C
A
S
S

So as to insure a perfectly impartial decision on this important subject, please address all Competitions to—

"MR. NEWTON,"

"THE SLOPERIES" POLICE COURT,

99 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

* The List will close this day, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

If a man was asking a doctor to cure his mother's sister, what description of eating-house would he mention?—Restore-aunt.

WHY is a watch-dog like a cinchona tree?—Because it is chiefly valuable for its bark.

A WOMAN and a peach are very much alike, as soon as they commence to paint they are both near their ruin. There are other similarities which the reader can work out for himself.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 174.—The "New Bathing" Costume.



TAKING A BENEFIT.—Something like a list of articles to make a show.



A French horn pom-pom.



Boggles (to Captain in the Army). What do I want with your War Cry? Swallow it, you beggar! It will do you as much good that way as reading it!



SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS. Shure, this must be the next house. I can't get the key in at all, at all.



VITUPERATION. You splay-footed biped! Do you think I cultivate corns for you to tread upon?

"I WANT some medicine, please. I think it's called an Alterative," stated the customer. "Yes. Who is it for?" asked the chemist. "My wife." "What is the matter with her?" enquires the medicine man. "Why, she's got such a thundering bad temper, that I thought I'd try what an Alterative would do," said the customer.

SCENE—Pullman's Sleeping Car on Pacific Line. TIME—Midnight. Voice of newly-married Bridegroom. One more kiss, Clara. Only one more, and then I'll go to sleep.

Voice of newly-married Bride. No, Charlie, I shall not! You have had enough.

Voice of Brutal old Bachelor (on other side of Car). For Heaven's sake let him have it, Clara, and then perhaps we shall all be able to go to sleep.

FEW people have a correct idea of the real value of herbs. As "Wisdom is worth more than rubies," sage must be worth a lot, while, of course, everyone knows that thyme is money, and from my own personal experience I can bear witness that thousands of pounds are obtained from only one Mint every year.

THEY talk of the Yankee clock alarm, Which they assert will work like a charm In ringing out its noisy warning, To wake up people in the morning.

But the best thing that I've ever known, To inform one that the night has flown, And every trace of sleep destroy, Is a healthy bouncing baby boy.

ON the Tuesday after last Bank Holiday, the "HALF-HOLIDAY" staff turned up at the office more or less late and washed out. Consequently, ALLY had them upstairs into the editorial sanctum, and gave them a good talking to on their duty to him, etc., etc. "I say," whispered the sub-publisher to the deputy cashier's boy, who was gazing wearily out of the window, "pay him a little attention." "I'm doing so," answered the D. C. boy, "as little as possible, the blooming old fossil!"

Member of Deputation (who has had a personal interview with the Home Secretary). Well, they may call 'im a well-educated man if they like, but I know what I think.

Admiring Auditor. And don't you think he is, Mr. Smith?

Member of Deputation. Why, sir, he don't understand his own langwich. I told 'im as 'ow we was reg'lar flummuxed about that there case, and I'll be 'anged if he knew what I meant.

"WHAT do you think of our rector, Mr. Smith?" said she, as they returned from the village church. "H'm!—ah!—eh!—well!—why, I must say I think he is a very good composer," stammered Smith, caught on the hop. "Yes, I noticed he composed you," she added significantly.

SCENE—Thornton Heath, or nearly anywhere on the same line. Passenger. When is the next train to Jerusalem.

Porter. Twelve o'clock, sir.

Passenger. Is it punctual?

Porter. Oh, yes, sir; it comes in about twelve ten reg'lar.

"WHY, they are as like as chalk and cheese," declared Sharpshins. "In my part of the country," replied his friend, "they say as different as chalk and cheese." "Ah, that was the old-fashioned saying before the milkmen took to colouring the milk and water with chalk," insisted Sharpshins.

He's a happy married man
Who ne'er kicks o'er the traces;
He's a happy betting man
Who wins o'er all his races;
He's a happy barrister
Who always gains his cases;
But he is the happiest man,
Who, favoured by the Graces,
Forgets his cares and sorrows in
A pretty girl's embraces.

"OH, Mrs. Jones," said a visitor at lunch, "how prettily you have marked the edge of this tart! Do you use a machine?" "Oh, no!" returned Mrs. Jones. "But Mary did that. I will ring the bell and ask her what she used." (Bell rings. Enter Mary.) "That, mum?" said Mary, in reply to question, "Why, I done it with your old set of false teeth, mum; I found 'em lying about, and—" (General dispersal.)

The Baron. Alexandry, here is a half-crown. Go to the green-grocer at the corner, and borrow his truck for a few minutes, and then go to the rag and bone shop down the street, and bring back the empty champagne bottles and things I bought of him last night.

Lady Sloper. What on earth have yer bought that rubbish for, ALLY!

The Baron. Why, my dear, you know your uncle is coming up to-morrow to stay for a couple of days, and if he sees champagne bottles, clotted cream jars, and all that sort of thing lying about, he'll think that we're tired of rich living, and are living poor for a while for a change.

THEY were talking about sticks in a certain public-house, when a party, who was afflicted with an enormous proboscis, exclaimed, "That ere stick ain't an'azel. I knows an'azel when I sees it." "So you ought to, my friend," answered the gentleman, who was exhibiting the stick; "you are well qualified with regard to nose and nasal matters generally, but you evidently don't know a hazel."

Wife (who has been interviewing applicants for position of cook). I think that last one will do, but she was somewhat overdressed.

Husband. That's a good fault, dear.

Wife. How do you mean?

Husband. Why, I like things well done, and if she's in the habit of overdressing she'll just do.

WHAT is the greatest curse in life—
Salvation drum and squeaking fife,
Or want of coin with hunger rife,
Or carving with a blunt-edged knife?
Oh, no; the greatest curse in life
Is a woman's tongue creating strife,
'Tis his who owns a scolding wife.

MR. and Mrs. Piper have had another awful quarrel. They were talking about married happiness, &c., and Mrs. Piper said, "Ah, it is all very well for the first month or so, but after that it all disappears." "I don't think so," observed Mr. Piper; "I am sure I can most truthfully say that the last day of my married life will be even happier than the first." Of course he meant it all right, but Mrs. Piper misunderstood him, and there were ructions.

Bill Higgins (reading of railway accident). I say, Ally, what's a junction?

Alexandry. A junction's a place where one railway line separates from another.

"WHAT do you mean, sir?" said an indignant wife, "by running away and leaving me in the street when those drunken men began to fight? Coward!" "No, my dear, I'm not a coward," said the man, apologetically, "but—er—the truth is—er—my objection to fighting is so great, that whenever I witness it, my feelings always run away with me."

TOOTSIE AT ABERYSTWITH.

THE Dook Snook said the other day what he would fancy most if he could just then get it for supper, without any trouble, was a Welsh rabbit; so as we arrived rather late at the hotel at Aberystwith, Bob ordered six rabbits of the waiter for our party, and at the same time casually remarked to Snook, 'There's no place to get a proper Welsh rabbit like Wales.'



An enjoyable paddle.

We girls took a short stroll when we had washed and powdered, and stayed, perhaps, a little longer away than we ought to have done; anyhow, we found the men gnashing their eye-teeth in a row, and yet supper was not ready.

After a long while—and some sherry and biters—the waiter arrived with a big dish. 'We couldn't get but five, though we sent everywhere,' he said, apologetically, as he removed the cover, but trust as they will do, bein', as the saying goes, 'all very fine and large'; and if so be as they're a little bit tough, the cook he say he hopes you won't lay the fault to him, seeing the hurry there's been. He was for boiling 'em at first, but a-hearing of you a-swearin', finished 'em in the fryin'-pan.'

We felt inclined to sit in a body on Bob when the dismembered carcasses of five huge creatures, stretching about a yard each when in their original state, were spread out before us; and it has been generally decided that even if he does pay, Bob oughtn't to be allowed to give orders. Bob, meanwhile, is of opinion that the waiter is a "hass." It's my opinion the opinion of the waiter is that Bob's a worse.

We came to Aberystwith before, as may be remembered, and I then told you pretty well all that was interesting to be told about it.

Altogether, we are enjoying ourselves down here. Lardi and I this morning playfully paddled in the ocean waves to the admiration and envy of male man. The poor Dook, Bobby, and Billy, do athletic feats more or less ably, and assist on the promenade pier working a capstan, to the diversion of the sailor people, who, no doubt, wonder what they mean. However, it keeps them from bothering us girls so much and makes them sleepy, so we don't mind.

The Castle ruins are a favourite resort of visitors. The Castle was erected by somebody called Strongbow or Longbow, and the ruins arranged by Oliver Cromwell, the Castle at the time being inhabited by a party by the name of Bushel, who clothed King Charles's whole army, and lent the king £40,000, he himself subsequently running rather short of cash.

The fish are said to be plentiful in Cardigan Bay. Bass, cod, eels, mackerel, herrings, and gurnard. "Let's catch a codfish," said Bob, who is still sanguine with respect to economising. We went for a codfish yesterday, but returned without him.

A very jolly trip is to Devil's Bridge and Falls, including (of course) lunch at the hotel. Bob's idea was sandwiches, and Billy was sent forth to lay in ham, beef, and half quarters, but just as the Dook was commencing to butter the first round of bread, I discovered in the guide book an announcement to the effect that "Luncheon baskets are not permitted to be taken into the grounds." It was then discussed whether, if each carried his or her packet of sandwiches, and made it nice and flat and warm by the way, the meal would be an enjoyable one.

Eventually, therefore, it was decided that such paltry meanness on Bob's part should be promptly suppressed, and that the "substantial cold luncheon, always ready, at 2s. a head (attendance included)," should be partaken of and done justice to at the hotel, and the cold meat reserved to allay peckishness later on. This was carried unanimously, as was also Lardi's amendment—that Bob do provide pickles!



Three to two—long odds.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK. THE "SLOPER" WATCH. Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.

Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half Holiday," August 27th, 1887.

Name.....
Address.....
Age.....
Occupation, if any.....
How many times applied.....
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, August 31st, 1887. The Result of the Competition of August 20th, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for September 3rd, 1887.

* * Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

55th WEEK. RESULT OF AUGUST 13th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. MRS. LYON, Lady, 38 Ovington Square. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since October, 1886. LONDON.
2. HUGH L. HIDDEN, Clerk, 2 Thames Place, Putney. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—since beginning. LONDON.
3. ANNIE H. BROOKER, Cook, 84 Gower Street. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—nearly 2 years. LONDON.
4. DAVID GIBSON, Schoolboy, Woodbank. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—since the first. GLAMMIS.
5. WILFRID WRIGHT, Downman. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—2 years. BALLANTRAE.
6. GEORGE ADAMSON, Gardener, Duncombe Park. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—18 months. HELMSLEY.
7. A. M. JOHNSON, Governess, Windsor House. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since beginning. KNARESBORO.
8. ARTHUR L. GREENWOOD, Schoolboy, 37 West Street, West End. Age, 11 years. Subscriber—nearly 2 years. SOWERBY BRIDGE.
9. WILLIAM WESSON, Printer, Post Office. Age, 45 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. WOBURN.
10. HENRY J. DODD, Surgeon, Rose Cottage. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—3 years. HUNMANBY.
11. FRED PROBERT, Grocer, Queen Street. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—about 18 months. LOSTWITHIEL.
12. RUBY NORTH, Actress, Theatre Royal. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—2 years. BLYTH.
13. J. RIVERS, Builder, Theall. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—2 years 4 months. READING.
14. WILLIAM GREEN, Footman, Kilraddery. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—2 years and 1 month. BRAY.
15. A. DOLMAN, Railway Porter, Park Road. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—since commencement. KENILWORTH.
16. COLOR-SERGEANT HENRY CLARKE, Staff Sergeant, 5th Battalion King's Royal Rifles, The Barracks. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—2 years 9 months. HUNTINGDON.
17. MRS. E. SHENFIELD, Gower House, Reccles Road. Age, 42 years. Subscriber—nearly 3 years. LOWESTOFT.
18. JAMES WILLIAMS, Chemist's Apprentice, Brompton House. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—about 19 months. PONTYPOOL.
19. J. C. TERAGHTY, Telegraphist, Post Office. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—2 years 6 months. SLIGO.
20. GEORGE JONES, Tailor, 9 Hill Street. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—23 months. PRESTON.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.

THE token that meets my gaze
Has called up a memory olden—
A vision of halcyon days,
And the gleam of a glamour golden.
And I thrill as I used to thrill,
When her lips and my own were meeting;
And we heard not the throstle's trill
For the sound of our hearts a-beating.
Ah! 'tis only the old, old tale—
Of folly, and pain, and passion,
Of a woman as false as fair—
And it ends in the old, old fashion.
She was fair as a painter's dream
Of Helen or Aphrodite;
Her beauty, as theirs, supreme,
Her conduct, as theirs—well, flighty.
Oh, Woman! you're false as—what?
As—bother! The better plan is
To wait till the thought comes hot.
I have it—you're false as Man is.
And it isn't a flower that thrills,
Nor a curl like a golden crescent;
But a bundle of settled bills
For the frequent and costly present.
To burn them, perchance, were best:
But I wait till all hesitations
Are vanished, and laid to rest
By the Statute of Limitations.

TURNING THE TABLES.

MRS. SLOPER—I beg her pardon, the Baroness—attended a penny reading one evening last week with Jubilee in her arms, and the loud voice of a certain reciter awoke the sleeping infant. After vainly trying to hush him off, she arose to depart; but the gentleman who had been the cause of the trouble, probably recognising his distinguished visitor, observed, "Pray do not leave us, madam; the child does not disturb me in the least." "It wasn't that, sir," replied the Baroness; "I'm a-going becos you're disturbing the child."

A NICE GIRL.

LAURA was as smart a girl as you could wish for. She was among the very brightest and the very best of the Variety ladies. She had a sweet babyish face and blue eyes, and an innocent smile. She was altogether above anything that was common, and low, and vulgar.



At the wings with the other girls

"I don't care," she said, "about going into tart shops, and having glasses of port wine with the other girls. I hope I am a little better than that."

She was certainly very pretty in her opera bouffe costume, standing at the wings with the other girls—there was not one of them equal to her. She was genteel, too, and lived with an elderly lady friend, who must have had a goodish bit to have kept up such a smart place.

They used to have gay little parties there. Quite aristocratic parties. Two young peers (one had married a music hall celebrity, the other was nearly broke on the turf), went there.

"I cannot permit myself to be associated with my father," said Laura; "he is a poor drinking creature, else he would look after my brother and sister."

This was not altogether true to the letter. Laura's papa was not at all a poor, helpless, drinking creature. He was simply hard up. He was only a Clearing House clerk, without any available capital.

Laura went to Cookham boating parties. Laura went to Brighton. Laura was a very great person indeed. Yet all the while she never had more than a line one-part at the Variety.



"We can go into accounts now."

Yet she had one good, honest, platonic friendship, an humble admirer, a former solicitor's clerk, now a small money-lender. She used to ask him to the theatre at times to discuss business with her. She was a careful girl and had saved money. "I shouldn't mind going whackwith you with your lending business," she said. "I could get six hundred pounds."

"You could make seventy per cent. at it all the year through."

One fine summer evening Laura was seated on the lawn of her little St. John's Wood box. The solicitor's clerk was announced. She had been away for two months.

"We can go into accounts now," she said, lighting a cigarette. They went through some small books in a business-like manner. He produced a leather portfolio of promissory notes and bills. She looked so sweetly simple as she glanced at them, that she might have been a child reading a fairy tale.

"Hallo!" she said, suddenly, "Simmonson! Why, that's my father! You shouldn't have done that."

"Overdue, you see." The ex-secretary and money-lender looked at her curiously under his eyebrows.

"You should never have advanced it." She looked so pretty as she spoke, that she might have been a village maiden talking of a lover.

"What shall I do?" asked her partner.

"What shall you do? Why, a writ of course. Business is business; fathers are fathers. Besides, it's down in your name, and no one will know."

"Yes!"

Laura never became an actress. She had no talent that way. She was a good businesswoman. One day, going down a street turning from the Strand, she noticed some chairs in a broker's shop. She was walking with her money-lending partner.

"Those are the chairs we used to have," she said, quietly.

"The man who sold me those chairs died in the work as last week," said the broker. Laura was a nice girl!



"Those are the chairs we used to have."



Edith's father is bathing in the distance, but is not recognised by Adolphus, who plays "Aunt Sally" with his head.



AFTER A NIGHT OF IT.
"Hum! not so bad for hot coppers and a bad head."



THE WAY THEY DO IT.
Ruggy, Confounded nuisance, Walter, old boy. Got to go down to Yarmouth on Saturday to the wife, so shan't be able to see pretty little Nellie. Keep her in hand till Monday, old man. I'll meet certain on that day.



RETREAT OF THE FOE.
Voice from Van. Get out of it, you brute! How dare you come here and say you're wounded, and then start putting all the grub away you can lay hands on? Get out!



Snuffkins, who has an awful toothache, is trying to inform the doctor of the fact, but is afraid to open his mouth, fearing another twinge.



BEHIND THE SCENES.
Inspector Bunks. No female charges to-night, Luffy? Luffy. None, sir, as yet. But we have just captured a murderer, and— Inspector Bunks. No good, Luffy; we must have female charges. Go up Regent Street, and apprehend the first pretty girl you meet.

PETER AND PENELOPE: A ROMANCE OF A BATTER PUDDING.



1. Peter was a nice boy, but he was not good—indeed, he was not particularly nice, as far as that goes in the eyes of the general public; but Penelope thought he was. And why? Simply because she loved the very ground he walked on; be it clad in verdure or mud, it mattered not to her.



2. "Peter, my beautiful, my own!" (she didn't mind him knowing it either) "do you love batter pudding?" said she. "Love 'em?" said he, "ay, next to my own Penelope." "Could you eat one?" she asked. "Could I eat one!" cried Peter. She looked at his mouth, stretched in winning smiles, and she knew he could.



3. "Don't they give you any where you are 'prenticed, Peter, dear?" said she, tenderly. "Nairy one," he replied. "Then, Peter, when the sun goes down, wait 'neath this old wall, and I will drop you some over. Farewell. I must within." And they parted like lovers in the usual way.



4. But shortly before the sun went down, Peter's master took it into his head to send Peter with a parcel to a customer a mile or so right the other way, and just reminding him to hurry, or he would know it later on.



5. Major Jones, of the 1st Royal Muddlem Militia, was known throughout the village as a proud, bughty, and im-cible man. Consequently, as he was making his way to parade in his new uniform, he was much put out when, on passing the old wall as the sun went down, he was half smothered by a remarkably due batter pudding.



6. The result was, Penelope got (to use an extremely vulgar expression) "what for" from her mother. But this is not all. When the young lovers again met, she upbraided him for not being there, and would not listen to an explanation. The result was, he got engaged to another girl, and she to another youth.



MORE CHARGES AGAINST THE CORPORATION.



SOOTHING SYRUP.
Sarah on her way to soothe the maddening crowd.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again, fellow beetle-crushers, if you don't like this hotch-potch, shuffle 'em up and deal 'em out in the order you prefer them—Two bold Frenchies up in mid-air, Lucky for them the weather was fair;—Two pretty sea-cows, Yankees by birth, Their funny appearance caused unbounded mirth;—Pretty nice sport, peppered by shot, Then told by "Bill" his statement is rot;—Prize-fighting seems to be quite the rage, Such fiendish men should be put in a cage;—A big "buster" the Yankees have had, Though the sequel was, indeed, so sad;—A shame to stop the bathers' fun, As certain Aldermen have done;—A wild monkey to be at large, Why not have given him in charge.—I suppose most of you are down by the sad sea waves; well, when you have got your head pillowed on some other fellow's wife's lap, and gently heaving sand down her back, don't forget to give a passing thought to yours gapingly,—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

A LITTLE TRAGEDY.



THE LONG VACATION.

Lord Justice Pumpkin throws aside his legal robes, and arrays himself in the garb of the noble sportsman.

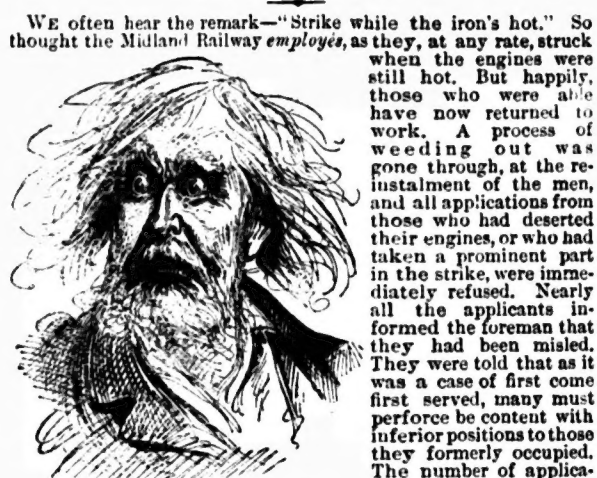


A GALLANT CAPTURE.

Porter XX. Git out o' the way, lad. I shall be made a lord for this ere capture. I've caught a ferocious dynamitar. [The box only contained modelling clay—but no matter!]



ALLY-CAMPANE.



the vacuum, and the strike may therefore be now regarded as completely at an end.

BRUMMAGEN would appear to have a unique taste in servants. In one of the Midland papers the following advertisement lately appeared:—"General servant wanted, age 185 or over, strong, clean and willing." Speaking personally, if A. Sloper, Esq., wanted a maid, he would really prefer an ancillary help just a year or two younger. It would be a nice calculation to estimate how long it must take a venerable dame of 185 fleeting summers to crawl to the first floor with shaving water!

A SHINY leather hat is not the safest wear in a thunderstorm. A Biarritz coachman had such a head covering knocked into tatters by lightning, while his vest was rent down the back, and his skin scorched. Perhaps, though, Uncle Boffin says, as he managed to recover his senses, the shiny hat is really a prophylactic or portable conductor.

THE suitability or the reverse of names to persons is frequently our theme. Two charming instances occurred the other day. What could be more natural than that a gentleman called Joyeuse should be rendered hilarious by imbibition, and have to pay a fine of 30s. for being too gay and playing with a policeman? Or what more distressing, on the other hand, than that Mr. and Mrs. Dove, instead of billing and cooing like the birds whose name they bear, should rather delight to bark and bite, and have to be bound over to keep the peace towards one another? Nothing, except it be the Eminent trying to borrow twopence for unsweetened.

SHE was quite too beautifully ravishing, and they had found a very cosy nook a mile from Brighton, just big enough for two, and no one looking. "George," she said, "wasn't it queer that that woman had a man arrested for putting his arm about her waist?" "I don't know," bleated the Georgelet, "but it seems to me she might have put the matter more mildly." Then a pause ensued. "George," she murmured, after an interval, during which his heart threatened to thump all the starch out of his clean-boiled shirt, "I do believe that that single Rottingdean policeman who patrols this beat has been ordered somewhere else, and if I was to scream ever so, I don't think anyone would hear me." George pondered a moment, and then—(Curtain! We don't approve of these frivolities.—A. SLOPER.)

EVERYBODY has heard that there is "nothing like leather." And many persons are unhappily aware also that there is nothing like leather in the ordinary portmanteau of commerce, though there is a good deal which resembles brown paper. But it will be news, and bad news, to most people to find that even genuine leather is frequently adulterated by the addition of more glucose than is legitimately required for the purposes of tanning.

It is said that a person with the harmless sounding name of Innocent should get into trouble. Mr. Lewis William Innocent, publican, has been charged with assaulting a woman who had got drunk upon his premises. At the time of writing this, the case is not yet over, so McGooseley may still express a hope that the fitness of things will be preserved, and that Innocent will not be found guilty.

MOST of Les Anglais are aware that promiscuity of sexes in the water is the rule of the bathing-places on the French coast. Beauty is never more victorious, if genuine, than when she stands upon the machine steps preparing for a dive. The bathing-dress is smart. But it does not step in to improve where nature fails, and the neck, the arms, and the legs are all bare. There are belles who wear stockings; but they had better not. Nymphs and graces do not escort the lovely creature, but a number of cavaliers, who most certainly object to stockings legs.

THE bones of the discoverer of America are to be once more removed, as if they had not yet earned rest. When Columbus died he first found a resting place at Valladolid. But it was not for long. In seven years his remains were taken to Seville, and in 1536 across the ocean to Hayti, where they were deposited in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 it was thought to be high time that the bones of Columbus were disturbed again, and they were taken to Havana, in Cuba. Now, after a further rest of a hundred years, Uncle Boffin hears that a fresh transfer is to be made, and Genoa, the navigator's birth-place, will finally claim its own.

It is not probable that the new play, *Loyal Love*, at the Gaiety, will have a very long run, although some of the acting is very powerful. Mr. Willard's for instance. The real "loyal love" of a Gaiety audience seems to be burlesque, and the sooner Mr. Edwards returns to that favourite pastime the better. It seems strange, but it is still true, that no one seems to cater for the burlesque lover so good as John Hollingshead, so the quicker Joan returns to public life, sooner will the mashers be pleased.

A LAUGHING plant, Uncle Boffin hears, grows in Arabia, with seeds producing effects like those of laughing gas. The natives dry and pulverize the seeds, which resemble black beans, and the powder, taken in small doses, makes the severest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing, and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproarously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

WHAT are we to think of this? Another of our pet beliefs has been remorselessly assailed. A missionary who for many years resided in China, has published a pamphlet proving that the Great Wall does not exist! Ever since the period when we were occasionally caressed by the birch-rod, we have clung to the belief that for eight hundred leagues across China stretched this enormous rampart. Indeed, we have seen pictures of the battlemented boundary popularly supposed to be lined by a million pigtailed mandarins keeping eternal watch and ward. According to the missionary, however, there is just about as much of this Great Wall in China as there is in A. SLOPER'S backyard.

A DUBLIN gentleman dreamed that his sister had been murdered. Waking up it gave him some uneasiness, but finding it was only a dream, he went to sleep again, when he dreamed the same thing. He then got up, dressed himself, and went to the apartments of an old lady, to whom he told his dream. She smiled at him, and bade him go to bed again. He did so, and for the third time dreamed of the murder. He hastened to his sister's house, where he found that her husband, after a religious dispute, had cut and mangled her barbarously. There you are; William Higgins is sure that for solidity this story has not been surpassed this season.

WHEN will the Bulgarian question be settled; are they waiting till Jubilee is old enough to take possession of the throne? It appears very much like it, or why the delay. It seems now Russia has threatened to set aside the Treaty of Berlin altogether if the other Powers recognize Prince Ferdinand, just as if she had hitherto been a strict observer of its stipulations. The Porte has inquired of the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople what their respective Governments intend to do, which is a sure sign that the Porte itself intends to do nothing at all in the matter.

IT is, perhaps, fortunate for Mr. Isaac Praddle, shoeblack, that he has been evicted from his subterranean mansion, to wit, an old cellar. Mr. Shoeblack, like other victims of a tyrannical system, was not as hard-up as he was believed to be; in fact, he had bags full of money to the extent of forty years' savings under his bed. He will now, perhaps, keep his wealth in some safer place than a cellar in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, which, Tottie Goodenough says, is a happy hunting-ground of the class which has "plenty brains and no money."

THE recent intense heat in Paris has largely increased the numbers of lunatics. One gentleman has been hauled before the Commissary on the ground that he was spouting Shakespeare in the Place de l'Opéra, and considered himself the greatest of living actors. We have a good many people in this country who have much the same opinion of themselves. But we don't arrest them. On the contrary, we put theatres at their disposal to spout Shakespeare in, and sometimes—though not always—we go and listen to them.

DYMCHURCH juries used to enjoy rather a bad eminence for their wayward decisions. Indeed, it is said that a local malefactor, on being asked, as was once customary, how he would be tried, instead of making the usual reply, answered, "Before God and a Dymchurch jury." Apparently this character still belongs to Dymchurch, for at the inquest on the body of a servant girl found dead on the beach under suspicious circumstances, the jury, though there was no evidence that she had ever been in the water, promptly returned a verdict of "found drowned."

A CURIOUS phenomenon in the shape of a plague of ants was recently reported from Nancy. The insects were immense in size, some having wings, but the majority wingless. They fell in such large numbers that the inhabitants thought that they were having a repetition of one of the plagues of Egypt. The thick black flakes kept pouring from the air from five until six o'clock in the evening, and every district in the city was soon covered with what has been described, for want of a better expression, as "living black hail." Very pleasant for walking, no doubt.

THE muzzling regulations throughout the kingdom are being applied in the most extraordinary piece-meal fashion that the human mind could conceive. While the towns are entirely exempt, the villages and rural districts must either muzzle or lead. If, for instance, an unmuzzled dog crosses the boundaries of, say, Andover, Winchester, or Southampton, he is liable to capture by the police. But if he gets back again before they can catch him, he may wag his tail in derision at the whole force.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1887.

28th August, 1832.—This day an inquest was held on the body of a woman who had hung herself on the previous Sunday at her house in Baltic Street, where she had lived for several years in great respectability. She appeared to have put off her clothes and placed them with great care in her drawers, she then dressed herself in a turban, long white night-gown, trousers, silk stockings and boots, in which, according to a written document which she left, she desired she might be buried. After this she deliberately fixed a rope, which she soaped well, and having placed a seven-pound weight with a cord to each leg, she threw herself off a chair which she placed near the spot for the purpose.

28th August, 1605.—This day, before King James, in the Hall of Christ Church, at Oxford, "after supper, about nine o'clock, they began to act the tragedy of *Ajax Flagellifer*, wherein the stage varied three times." The first movable scene (the expression is "painted cloths") was introduced, during this visit, in the comedy of *Vertumnus*; the contriver, Luigi Jones, "a great traveller," undertook to furnish the college with "rare devices." The king thought the *Ajax* remarkably tedious.

29th August, 1656.—Some of the old charitable bequests of England form striking memorials of times when travelling, especially at night, and even a night-walk in the streets of a large city was attended with difficulties unknown to the present generation. By his will, dated as above, John Wardall gave £4 yearly to the churchwardens of St. Botolph's, Billingsgate, "to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern, with a candle, for the direction of passengers to go with more security to and from the waterside all night long, to be fixed at the north-east corner of the parish church, from the feast-day of St. Bartholomew to Lady Day; out of which sum £1 was to be paid to the sexton for taking care of the lantern." A similar bequest of John Cooke, in 1662, has provided a lamp—now of gas—at the corner of St. Michael's Lane, next Thames Street.

29th August, 1653.—The man-of-war, *Great Harry*, was burnt this day.

29th August, 1842.—The Queen and Prince Albert this day embarked at Woolwich, on their first visit to Scotland. Woolwich is Hill Reach, so called from its lying under Shooter's Hill.

30th August, 1852.—Private Edward Dunn, of the 30th Depot, Dover Castle, this day committed suicide by throwing himself from Shakespeare's Cliff.—A bottle of wine, made up of fragments of opened bottles, is called a *Jack of Dover*. It was customary to pour the refuse into a bottle, cork it up, and sell it as a fresh bottle. This was called *Dovering*, a corruption of *do-over*, because the cork was done over with wax or resin.

"Many a Jack of Dover hast thou sold."

—Chaucer, *Coke's Prologue*.

30th August, 1839.—The directors of the Thames Tunnel Company gave a dinner this day in the works, to celebrate the reaching of low-water mark. The Thames Tunnel was closed, preparatory to its being utilised for a railway, on the 20th July, 1869.

30th August, 1852.—John Camden Neild, an eccentric and miserly barrister, died this day in London, aged 72. He left a large fortune to the Queen.

30th August, 1855.—Feargus O'Connor, the once popular Chartist leader, died this day at Notting Hill.

31st August, 1591.—The *Revenge*, an English man-of-war, was lost in an engagement with the Spaniards on this day. The ship, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, anchored at Flores, in the Azores, when a fleet of fifty-three Spanish ships hove in sight. Lord Thomas Howard, with six men-of-war, sailed off, but Sir Richard stood his ground. He had only a hundred men, but with this crew and his one ship he encountered the Spanish fleet. The fight was very obstinate. Some of the Spanish ships were sunk, and many shattered; but Sir Richard at length was wounded, and the surgeon shot while dressing the wound. "Sink the ship, master gunner," cried Sir Richard; "sink the ship, and let her not fall into the hands of Spain." But the crew were obliged to yield, and Sir Richard died. The Spaniards were amazed at Grenville's pluck, and gave him all honour as they cast his body into the sea. The *Revenge* was then manned by two hundred Spaniards, but never reached the Spanish coast, for it was wrecked in a tempest, and went down with all hands aboard. Tennyson has commemorated this event by writing, in 1878, "The Revenge," a ballad of the fleet.

31st August, 1843.—Robert Dadd was this day murdered in Cobham Park by his son, a young man subject to sudden fits of insanity, and who was well known among artists as the designer of the cartoon, "St. George after the defeat of the Dragon."

1st September, 1715.—Louis XIV. (the "Grand Monarque"), died this day at Versailles. The Duke of Wellington, speaking of wigs, says:—"Louis XIV. had a hump, and no man, not even his valet, ever saw him without his wig. It hung down his back, like the judge's wigs, to hide the hump. But the dauphin, who hadn't a hump, couldn't bear the heat, so he cut it round close to the poll; and the episcopal wig that you are all making such a fuss about is the wig of the most profligate days of the French court."

1st September, 1611.—The crew commanded by Henry Hudson, who had mutinied and cast him adrift in an open boat, were this day picked up by a fisherman in a wretched condition. Their principal food had been seaweed fried with candle ends, and the skins of fowls. They were in such a state of starvation that only one of them had strength enough left to lie at the helm and steer the ship. It appears that they had quarrelled among themselves, and met with a fearful retribution.

1st September, 1851.—The railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow was this day inaugurated.

2nd September, 1855.—On this day, during the Crimean War, Sergeant Alfred Ablett, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, seeing a shell falling in the centre of a number of ammunition cases and powder, instantly seized and threw it outside the trench, where it burst as it touched the ground. For this deed of daring Ablett received the Victoria Cross. The date of the invention of bombs has been disputed. Home says they were first thrown on the 24th of March, 1580, upon the town of Wachtendonck, in Guelderland. In Stowe, however, I find that "One Peter Band, a Frenchman born, and another alien called Peter Van Colleen, a gunsmith, both the King's (Henry VIII.) feed men, conferring together, devised and caused to be made certain mortar pieces, being at the mouth from 11 inches to 19 inches wide. For the use whereof, they also caused to be made certain hollow shot of cast-iron, to be stuffed with firework or wildfire; whereof the bigger sort for the same had screws of iron, to receive a match to carry fire-kindlers, so that the firework might be set on fire, for to break in pieces the same hollow shot; whereof the smallest piece hitting any man would spoil or kill him."

3rd September, 1869.—Day and Martin's noted blacking warehouse in Holborn, was this day destroyed by fire. The ingredients of blacking are animal charcoal (otherwise called bone-black), sperm oil, raw sugar, and a slight infusion of sulphuric acid, which, by converting a large portion of the lime in the animal charcoal into sulphate of lime, thickens the mixture into the requisite pasty consistence. This compound, while it is still warm, is then diluted slightly with vinegar, and is then ready to be bottled for the market.

3rd September, 1733.—At Carlton, in Yorkshire, a vault, 8 feet by 5, was this day discovered 13 feet below the surface, in which lay a skeleton of a large body, with a helmet in a niche over the head. On the wall were some Saxon characters, and the date 992 was discovered.

3rd September, 1856.—A fall of an old house in Little Swan Alley, Tokenhouse Yard, took place this day. The whole of the inmates were overwhelmed in the ruins, but eventually dug out alive, with the exception of one man and three of his step-children.

THE WHITECHAPEL ONE'S FAREWELL.



Oh, fare-thee-vell,
my Vitechapel
boy,
Oh, fare-thee-vell
for a while!
The coppers copped
me for copying
of Buffalo Villiam's
style.
Afore I vent to the
Yank'rie Show
A innocent bloke
was I,
An' ven I wanted
for to prig,
The usul' vay I'd
try.

If a gemman with
'is vatch and 'is
chain
Vould flash 'em
like a clown,
I'd hease 'im hof 'is
ju-el-ry,
An' knock the
gemman down.

Then from the Mereky show I came,
A-thinkin' deep, yer know,
As 'ow a bit o' business could
Be done with the lasse.

But ven I tries it on a old gent,
An' thought as I knowed my book,
I some'ow got in a tanglement,
An' that's 'ow I got took.
So fare-thee-vell, my Vitechapel boys,
So fare-thee-vell for a while,
An' don't get copped for copying of
Buffalo Villiam's style.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," August 27th, 1887.

Name

Address

Want *

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

30th WEEK.

RESULT OF AUGUST 13th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. MARY LEE, 343 Brixton Road, LONDON.

A BOX OF OIL PAINTS.

2. EDGAR TANNER, 14 Cemetery Row, KIDDERMINSTER.

A PEDOMETER.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 23, very affectionate, well domesticated, who will make a really good wife, would like to meet with a gentleman with a view to early matrimony. He must be affectionate, steady, nice appearance, in good health, having permanent situation with about £100 a year. Young lady has sufficient money, if necessary, to furnish small home. Names and addresses will be kept in great secrecy; only those with honourable intentions need reply.—"FLO," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 35, bachelor, editor of suburban paper, with good personal references is desirous of corresponding with a lady, from 30 to 35, young widow not objected to. Is clever, a good organist, and thoroughly well educated, considered good looking, and would make an affectionate husband. Particulars with photo (which will be honourably returned) received with the strictest confidence.—Address, "BETA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WILD ROSE and SWEET BRIAR would like to correspond with two nice young men, aged from 22 to 28, looks not such an object as good disposition. Wild Rose is 20, fair hair, blue eyes, very loving. Sweet Briar, age 23, dark hair and complexion. Both are tall and domesticated. Will exchange photos.—Address, "WILD ROSE" or "SWEET BRIAR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

AN honourable and steady-going PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, age 28, with a remunerative practice as Civil Engineer, wishes to correspond with a young lady of good family and means, age about 24, with view to matrimony. She must be tall, good figure, and good looking, well educated, and thoroughly domesticated. Only those with honourable intentions need apply, and no letters will be answered unless accompanied by photo. The advertiser is tall, dark, and considered good looking.—Address, "REGINA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 21, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman of a cheerful disposition. Must be tall and of good appearance. The young lady is dark, and considered nice looking, and would make a devoted companion.—Address, "EDITH," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

46 NORTH STREET, BRIGHTON, August 5th, 1887.

MY DEAR BARON.—What joyful news! A. SLOPER raised to the peerage! It appears to me to be the only thing that was wanting to make the Jubilee year a thorough success. Of course, you'll give up Unsweetened and only drink small sodas, or water with a very little of something mixed. Looking over the episodes of your life, it seems but yesterday, when at school, you put a bottle of Old Tom in your desk, and were taken home with a bad headache because you reeled about the schoolroom, and wanted to fight anyone in the room. Ah, ALLY! but those days are o'er; we're old now. Why, you're fifty, and I—why, I'm fifty-three. They say pigs can't fly, but no one can say time doesn't. Well, ALLY, a happy time may you have, and if you're not too proud, perhaps, you'll correspond with, AN OLD CHUM.

P.S.—You're at perfect liberty to publish this epistle and if any one doubts it, why—I can prove it.

RAMBROOKE HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH, August 6th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,—On glancing through the first page of your "tip-top tickler," I was greatly surprised to note Miss Tootsie's intention of putting her poor parent in an asylum, and I have taken the opportunity of at once writing to you to offer the above house to him gratis, rather than you should put him away, as "while 'um" are making arrangements, he may disappear beneath the briny, and the "Friend of Man" would be missed by England's noble sons and daughters, and many tears would be wept, and heavy sighs heave by all. I would gladly hand over the cellar keys, that he might amuse himself when Nature's craving needed relief, and could make him thoroughly comfortable. I have not, up to the present time, made his personal acquaintance, but I am sure that once seen he would never be forgotten. With much sympathy to all the members of his noble family in their trying ordeal, and wishing you every success, believe me, sir, yours truly, "FAIRWEATHER."

Editor, "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

LIVERPOOL, August 8th, 1887.

DEER ALLY SLOPER,—Awtho I hev bean a reader ov your weekly bundle ov komikalties, I hev never yet ventored tew rite yoo until this blessed hour, and, indeed, I woud not do so now, only I hev "screwed my courage up tew the sticking place" with a tidy few ov unsweetened, and I feel az "merry as the da iz long." I tel yoo kandidly, ole man, yoo are a brick, and if yoo ware heer this minit, I woud tress yew az a grate Barren ort tew bee treeted. I thort my nose waz red, but "comparisons ar odious," so this iz "the short and the long ov it." Yoor Family ar shinin' lites in this dark world ov owers. Who kan ever fergit the klassik features ov Alexandry, or help admirin' the anjelik countenance ov the frisky Jewbilee? And Tootsie, oh, "frailty, thy name is woman." I dew envy Billy, Bob, and the lanky Dook Snook, who ar for ever baskin' in the torrid sunshine of Tootsie and her akwentanses ov the "Friv."; but a time ma cum wen I shel hev a chance ov pushin' them in the cold, and they won't forget it eether. Ole man, I am inventen a powder tew take the place ov unsweetened. It wil cum in handy after klosing time, and erly the next morn. It kan eith be put in a glass ov water or snuff. Yoo's trooly,

KRISTOPHER.

GRANTON POST OFFICE, MIDDLE RIVER, PICTON, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA, August 8th, 1887.

DEAR ALLY,—I suppose you do not remember me, but I remember you did not pay for the drinks you promised to stand me, but as I get great amusement from you for a penny I must be content. Your paper is sent me every week from London, and it goes the round of the settlement, and your Eminence is highly admired in this country. If you should emigrate, take care and avoid Nova Scotia, for the sale of "unsweetened" is strictly prohibited, and has a nasty fine of 50 dollars attached to it. The last number of your paper was used to wrap my dinner in before I went into the woods. While I was away working, a fox took dinner, paper, and all, so I fully expect that the foxes will glean as much fun as did yours obediently, E. E. M.

MAID OF BRIXTON.

MAID of Brixton, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back the tart
Which I gave you Friday last
For your afternoon repast.
If you've eaten it, alack!
I can't hope to have it back.

Maid of Brixton, ere we part,
Let me say that you're a tart—
Sure I am as I can be
That you would agree with me.
Toothsome maid, when next I meet you,
Ten to one I'll try to eat you.

Maid of Brixton, ere we part,
I must say you make me start;
You've a dress-improver on
Such as I could sit upon.
Londonwards when next I find you
I will ride to town behind you.

Maid of Brixton, ere we part,
On a dagger take my heart—
Do not look a little tart,
Though you are one. Ere we part,
Let me this sweet counsel give:
Be the noun, not adjective.

TOO BAD.

A FASHIONABLE contemporary, referring to the fact that a leading member of Society is now on the Continent, and will visit many places before her return, says naively, "The length of her ladyship's stays, however, is not as presently known." (!) This, surely, is a little beyond the bounds of propriety.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been awarded to

E. WEBB, 138 Asylum Road, Peckham, London, S.E.,
for the Best Hint (printed below) contained in Six Words on

GROUSE SHOOTING.

Each word commencing with the letter in the order shown hereunder:

G. R. O. U. S. E.

"GIVE RECKLESS OR UNSTEADY SHOTS ELBOWROOM."

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

It doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is. If a rude fellow kisses her, it is ten to one he will do it right under her nose. IMPOSSIBLE.—A young man, now yachting round the Isle of Wight, says he gets his mutton from Cowes.

A FISH can see in the water in the dark. Is it because of his pa'r o'fins?

SLOPER'S cook wastes a great deal of soup stock. She says it's because there's a leak in the saucepan.

USEFUL HINT.—If you want to make your coat last, make your trousers and waistcoat first.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XXXI.
I BUY A PIANO.



HAT Mrs. Mantowler has made a fresh discovery. I wish the woman was at the bottom of the sea, or that the male Mantowler, if he exists, would come and claim her.

She has found out that, besides the conservatory and billiard-room, which are approaching completion, we have another want in our little dovecot. We have no piano! Rose Anna has just discovered she does upon music; Mrs. Mantowler declares it is the height of cruelty and barbarism to refuse her the means of gratifying her taste, especially as it would be such an amusement to her, and help to while away the hours during which I am slaving and toiling at Couter & Plimsey's.

Does the woman think my purse is as long as her tongue? I hear of nothing but music now, but I make a firm stand, and refuse to purchase a piano. Pressed for reasons, and fairly driven to bay, I acknowledge I have not the money to do so. Mrs. Mantowler laughs, and says, "Hire one on the three years' principle." I decline, but offer to give an organ-man sixpence a week to play for an hour under our windows, on certain evenings.

My proposal is treated with scorn. My firmness, I congratulate myself, has had the desired effect. The piano discussion drops, but only for a time. Next day it is renewed, enforced by a number of advertisements cut from a penny paper. "See here," says Rose Anna, putting half-a-dozen little slips of printed paper before me. "Look at these," cries Mrs. Mantowler, triumphantly.

I look, and find all the advertisements are to the same effect. A gentleman going abroad wants to dispose of a cottage piano, as good or better than new, at one quarter of cost price. A lady going to Scotland desires to do ditto to ditto; so does a clergyman's family in reduced circumstances; so does a lady of title, for certain domestic reasons. Upon my word, one would think pianos are going begging.

I pause, I read, I waver, I doubt, I calculate, and at last I consent to go to a certain address and inspect a piano which is to be parted with at a great sacrifice. It is the one said to be the property of a lady of title, and the address given is a back street in a far from



I offered to give an organ man sixpence.

aristocratic quarter. I knock at the lady of title's door in the course of the afternoon (it is a dirty door, by-the-way). A notice in the window proclaims that the house to which it belongs is to be let.

I experience some difficulty in obtaining admission. I am eyed from the window, and, I have reason to believe, through the key-hole. I am received with evident distrust until I explain my errand, when the door flies open, and I am admitted with alacrity. I am shown into a dingy room upstairs by a dingy servant. There is no carpet on the floor, and very little furniture to be seen; but there, standing in a recess, is the object of my visit—a very elegant, handsomely-carved cottage piano, ivory keys, etc., etc., as per advertisement.

A strong smell of tobacco pervades the apartment. I wonder if the lady of title smokes. The door opens, and a man enters. He is of a Herbraic cast of countenance. He is also dingy, not to say dirty, in appearance, and diffuses alternate whiffs of onions and tobacco. I wonder if he is the husband of the lady of title. I decide not. He is civil. He eyes me eagerly. He explains certain circumstances to account for the sale of the piano. He sits down at it, and plays well and brilliantly. It seems to be really a good instrument. I am delighted, and look upon it as my own, and almost determine to learn to play myself.

We haggle about the sum a good deal, the dingy gentleman assuring me the price in the advertisement was a mistake. Ultimately he gives way. He tells me I have a splendid bargain, and agrees to send the piano to Highlow Terrace at once, when I agree to pay him the stipulated sum. So far all is well. I don't see how I can be cheated this time.

When I get home, all Highlow Terrace, so to speak, is gushing with melody. An empty cart is at my door, and a crowd of children are hanging on to my front railings, listening to the overture to *Masaniello*, which Mrs. Mantowler is performing with much energy. The man who brought the piano is waiting in the passage for the money.

It strikes me that he is the same man who sold me the instrument, or else his twin brother, but, as he does not recognise me, I pay him the money, and let him go.

(To be continued next week.)



THE MOAN OF THE TIED.
Scrutator. Haw, haw! these divorce case reports will be the death of me—four co-respondents, and spicy details!



A PENNY IN HIS POCKET, LA-DI-DA!
Bouncer has just returned from a fortnight's stay at Hastings, where he has been going the pace, and now wonders how to make the coin hold out till pay day.



BUYING GOODS ABROAD.
Euschnitzer. No, no, my young friend; I az oom for to mak ze money in England, not for to spen it.



A WISH GRATIFIED.
Tottery, who has been asking for a copper, gets one—a bobby.

Why they are not at the Seaside.



Petsie—because her new Dress does n't fit—



Ernest—because Truth hasn't care to go—



Jack Nibbs—because the Guv'ner's there



Juffles—because he has the Gout—



Because they think it sinful—



Otherwise engaged—



Because the beastly Lagonette broke down—



PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

"Say, Joe, I'm gettin' a bit mixed. Which on 'em were it as shot Squire Benson's keeper? He'd better have the blank cartridges."



ON THE SANDS AT RAMSGATE.

Pretty Little Mary. 'Ere yer are, gent! Three sticks for a penny. A kiss and a cigar every time you knock 'em down. Play up at 'em! [Mary does a roaring trade.]